itself but once," near to the saints, after her involuntary death. Even the great scholar, "the good man" with "the dark impulse," is brought into heaven in the nick of time, by a trick which is played upon the devil at the decisive moment. In heaven the lovers find themselves again. Goethe once said that his nature was too conciliatory for really tragic subjects.

125,

ARE THERE "GERMAN CLASSICS "?—Sainte-Beuve observes somewhere that the word " classic " does not suit the genius of certain literatures. For instance, nobody could talk seriously of " German classics."—What do our German publishers, who are about to add fifty more to the fifty German classics we are told to accept, say to that? Does it not almost seem as if one need only have been dead for the last thirty years, and He a lawful prey to the public,* in order to hear suddenly and unexpectedly the trumpet of resurrection as a " Classic " ? And this in an age and a nation where at least five out of the six great fathers of its literature are undoubtedly an Liquated orbecorningantiquated—without there being any need for the age or the nation to be ashamed of this. For those writers have given way before the strength of our time—let that be considered in all fairness!—Goethe, as I have indicated, I do not include. He belongs to a higher species than " national literatures": hence life, revival.

* The German copyright expires thirty years after publication.—TR.